

February, no
March 1st. 1896
9. A. M.

My Dearest,

I stayed home from Kirk tonight as it was drizzling a little intending to spend the evening with you; but I found some one who needed me more than you did, and so to be loyal to our true standard Christian Helpfulness I gave the evening to the boy, Pierre Stevenson.

He is a boy of 17, without funds or home

He sleeps in the little
room next to mine &
takes his meals anywhere.
& I find his religious training
a minus quantity, &
all together he is a most
forlorn, disliked, green
youth, who needs a helping
hand most greatly to
make a man of him.

They will not allow
him in the parlor because
he is so awkward, &
altogether the poor child
is snubbed until he
makes my heart ache.
So, when they had all
gone to church, I called
him in to my room
to visit me, and have

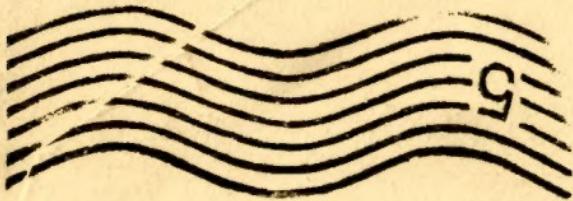
talked to him, drawn him out,
showed him my pictures, & read
aloud to him all the writing as if
he were a most distinguished guest.
I have been trying to help that boy
ever since I came here, and have
just succeeded in beating down the
farmers. He confided to me, that
his great ambition is to be a doctor,
& I told him all about you &
your life and aims and you could
just see his poor chilled snuffed
soul afraiding under my words.

This morning Mrs Van &
I planned to meet at
St Andrew's Church to hear
Mallinson's choir & organ.
She did not appear at church
so after service Mallinson
would not hear to anything
till that unusual stay of
got to dinner with him, so
I gav in, and we had a
really charming time.

The people here not
relinquished yet & Present its
leisure we reading "John Halifax"
as I write. I have got that
miserable wedge in to his
young man foot - he has been
in the habit of reading most
unhealthy literature. Pray
for him darling you & I together
his feet are so near the edge
and I want so to save him.

Yours in eternal love.

Country
Benzene oil



New York
March 6th
169 New York City



General Hemingway

570 North Dearborn

Chicago
Illinois